

By C. M. Payne

About Plays  
and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

WINTHROP CORTELYOU, son of George B. Cortelyou, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, is to take a place among the composers for the light opera stage next August when a piece, for which he has written the music, will be produced first in Atlantic City and then in New York. At the same time a new producer will try his luck on Broadway. He is Sam Tauber, who used to manage theatres for the Keith interests and was more recently manager of the Times Producing Company, in which the Pincus brothers are the prime movers. A name for the Cortelyou opera has not definitely been decided on. William Cary Duncan and F. Otis Drayton, the latter editor of the New England Conservatory Magazine Review, have collaborated on the book and lyrics. Winthrop Cortelyou is twenty-one years of age and is at present studying harmony at a conservatory in Boston. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has played excerpts from his opera and the new producer, Sam Tauber, has been excellent. While Mr. Tauber is the producer of the Cortelyou piece, primarily, he may be associated with a well-known Broadway theatrical manager in the enterprise.

## FIXING UP THE SHOW.

When "Come to Bohemia" opens an engagement at Maxine Elliott's Theatre next Thursday night, those who were originally responsible for its coming into being may not recognize it. This musical piece has been playing in Philadelphia with only lukewarm success. Since it was arranged to bring the attraction to New York it has undergone a number of changes. Kenneth M. Murchison and George S. Chappell, architects, drew up the plans for "Come to Bohemia" as it was first produced. Recently, though, Glen MacDonough has rewritten the book and Raymond Hubbard has inserted a lot of new music. The original stage director, Jacques Coint, is still, however, Julian Mitchell has been pottering about in the piece, and the reports now are that it is a good show. The cast has undergone some changes too.

## BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Said Silas McGugin, in Peewee's store: "My legs an' my back an' my shoulders are sore. I reckon I ought to be laid up in bed. But here I am workin' as usual. Instead, last night I went down to the Happy Club's ball an' started a riot right there in the hall. The ladies all clamored to dance with me, Jed. Old Peewee grunted. "I gotcha!" he said. "Well, I'm not so fond of these one-steps an' such," old Silas went on. "They're a little too much for hard-workin' men like I happen to be, but when all them girls started wastlin' for me, I had to do one-steps an' tangos an' frolics. I cut figure eight an' I tied sailors' knots. The ladies were tickled an' proud of me, Jed. Old Peewee grunted. "I gotcha!" he said. "The young men," said Silas, "and to take a back seat I showed 'em some things about shakin' the feet. The ladies just mobbed me; they thought I was great. To-day I'm a' thinkin' I hit a hard ray. My muscles are sore an' I'm all tired out. You see, I'm right graceful, but just a bit stout. The ladies declared I was wonderful, Jed. Old Peewee grunted. "I gotcha!" he said. "You act like you doubt me," said Silas with a frown. "I'll bet you to-day I'm the talk of the town. But mind you, no cabalish! I reckon I'll go. You figger I'm lyin'—I know it by Joe!" Then Silas got up and he started away—a scowl on his face, but with no more to say. He shot a big sneer of contempt straight at Jed. Old Peewee grunted. "I gotcha!" he said.

## GOSSIP.

Randolph Hartley has returned to Broadway from the Pacific Coast. Julia Arthur will end her season in "The Eternal Magdalene" in Chicago to-night. "Fair and Warmer" will hit the 200 mark at the Ellipse next Thursday. Thermometers will be given away as souvenirs. George Tilton is to succeed Robert Adams in "A King of Nowhere." Mr. Adams goes to Buffalo to play in stock. Steve O'Grady writes he made a speech before the Topoka (Kan.) Press Club the other night and set the whole town talking. Maud Allan, classic dancer, is sailing for London to-day. She is to appear at the Shaftesbury Theatre. In September she will return to America for a tour.

## HE'D SEEN IT OFTEN.

Gypsy O'Brien, recently of "Dunphy" and "See America First," was in-

## 'S'MATTER, POP!



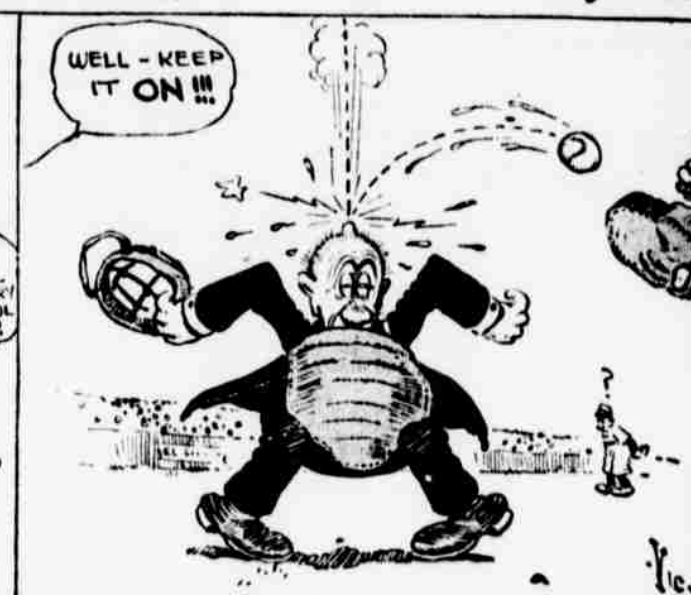
## HENRY HASENPFEFFER—Apparently the Eggs Were About Due for Admission to a "Home for the Aged and Infirm!"

By Bud Counihan



## FLOOEY AND AXEL—And Yet, if He Had an Eye for the Top of His Dome—

By Vic



## HILLIARD ON THE JOB.

Robert Hilliard, in his time, has made a study of "first aid to the injured." Coupled with his knowledge along this line he is a man of action and tender heart. Now let's proceed with the story. A couple of nights ago Mr. Hilliard was attending the "Midnight Frolic" atop the New Amsterdam Theatre with a party of friends. In the show is a young woman named Evan Fontaine who does a weird dance, concluding with a faint. So realistically old Miss Fontaine faint the night Mr. Hilliard was looking on that he thought it the real article and rushed to her aid. Miss Fontaine jumped to her feet and the crowd gave a giggle or two. "Gee," she is reported to have said to others in the company later, "that fellow in the checkboard clothes came near breaking up my act. Wonder where the house detective was!"

## FOOLISHMENT.

A girl who was born and bred in the city of New York, said she, "Heard poor little! Oh, my, what a girl! I wonder where she can be at!"

## FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

Itufus—Mamma, what am a parasite? Mrs. Hamm—It's a pussen what comes from Paris, Itufus.

## SHE'S A COUSIN NOW.

When Lucille Watson began reciting in the play in which the Dolly sisters are to be featured, she discovered her part was that of an aunt of the two young women. Now, Miss Watson isn't old. No, siree! So she just decided she wouldn't be anybody's aunt. Result—Miss Watson now acts the role of the cousin of the young women.

## Pepper and Salt

PASSED BY  
HAZEN CONKLIN

Here and there we find a man who is independent in thought and action.

You see, not all men marry. Behold the robust rubber plant which doesn't rubber 'cause it can't! Then look upon the luscious pear, misnamed, for only one is there! Next at a stool take a view—loads can't sit on them—never do! Observe the fish who have their scales, but cannot even weigh their tails! Then gaze upon the river's bed, in which it never sleeps, 'tis said! Then feast your eyes upon a gnu—I've seen some old ones, haven't you?

"The long and the short of it" does not apply to a subject when it is being discussed in a conversation between women; that is, "the short of it" doesn't apply.

## WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE WORD?

(Contributed by A. T. O., Brooklyn.) The word that sounds to me most sweet among the rarest ranks. For when they get my subway seat few women murmur "THANKS!"

AMOS CRABB SAYS—"Life is a succession of trials, but it is mostly the married men who git convicted."

Wonder if April showers don't also facilitate the growth of rubber and umbrella plants?

## LITTLE MOVIES OF BIG MOMENTS.

Park bench. Fresh, dark green paint. Light, new spring suit. (Deleted by censor.)

## THE DIARY OF A PEEVISH HUSBAND.

SATURDAY—This morning's mail brought me the bill for Harris's Easter hat which she insisted she must have to wear to-morrow. Thirty-five dollars. And I am still wearing the one I bought last fall for TWO dollars. Just because her head has more hair on it than mine it seems to cost more to cover it. And when I mildly mentioned this to her she was mean enough to retort that it cost me more in a year for shoes and hats than it did for her hats. When I asked that her contention was preposterous she insisted upon getting pencil and paper. I gladly consented, believing that the figured result would convince her of the absurdity of her claim, but with a woman's propensity for taking unfair advantage of a man in an argument, she found a way to destroy me. Her figures showed 365 daily slaves at 15 cents each to total \$54.75, and twelve hairs at a quarter each to bring the whole amount up to \$57.75. I snatched the paper from her hand for confirmation I glanced to turn it over and I saw figures which showed that she already had fattened the whole thing out to be sure of her ground. She had shaved me! It was a carefully prepared plot to mislead me. I might have known. Some women will meet a man fairly in argument, but those women are not WIVES!

## SCRAMBLED EGG PUZZLES—NO. 21.

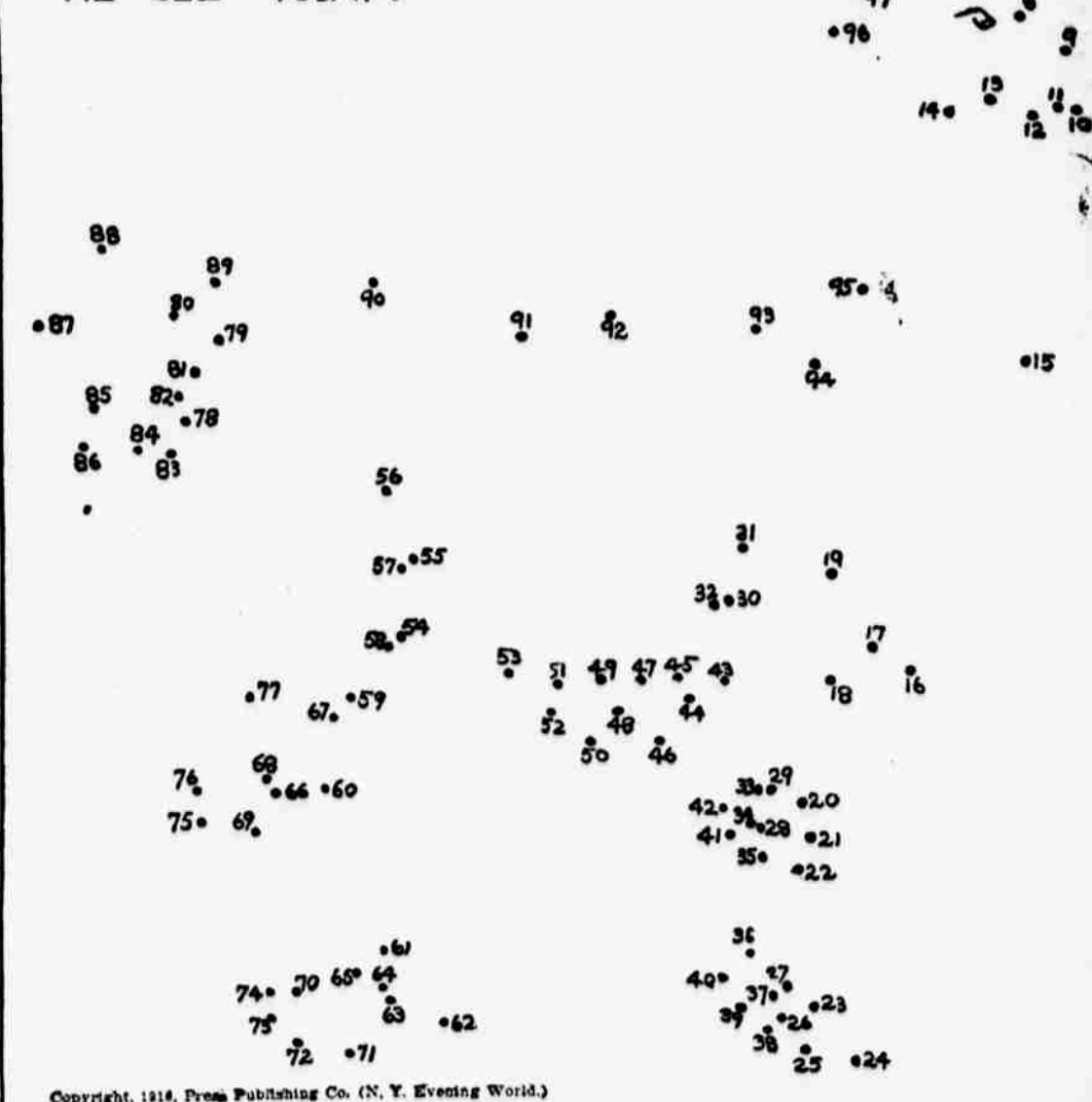
Before the letters in to-day's egg were scrambled they spelled the name of something which is very much in evidence every Easter Sunday.

See if you can arrange the letters so that they will spell what they originally did. The letters in last Thursday's egg spelled "PERAMBULATOR."

## WHAT TOMMY SAW AT THE ZOO

By Ferd G. Long

THURSDAY TOMMY SAW  
A TADIR - WHAT DID  
HE SEE TODAY?



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## Proved.

ONE-EYED WINSTON was a negro preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature were often very original. A gentleman thus accosted the old preacher one Sunday: "Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. Now, how can you prove it?" "Well, sah, did you eber read in de Bible how de seven devils were cast out Mary Magdalene?" "Oh, yes, I've heard of that." "Did you eber hear of 'em being cast out any other woman, sah?" "No, I never did." "Well, den, de udders still got 'em."

## REMEMBER THAT FIRST "SHINER" WILLIE JONES GAVE YOU?

OH! YOU KNOW WHERE BOYS GO WHO TELL FIBS HAROLD. PAPA: HE WAS FIGHTIN' WITH WILLIE JONES I SEEN 'IM. TEE, HEE. IT WOULDN'T LOOK SO BAD IF THEY WERE BOTH ALIKE. YOUNG MAN DON'T TRY TO FIB TO ME IF YOU WERE FIGHTIN'. DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN. AND BESIDES I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU LET THAT LITTLE JONES BOY DO IT. I TOLD HIM NOT TO PLAY WITH THAT JONES BOY.



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